

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "U Don't Have 2 Worry"

[2Pac:]

Yo c'mon man, what do you mean you don't wanna ride with me, nigga  
C'mon, get in the car, get in the fuckin' car, man  
Yo why you trippin' man? Get in the fuckin' car, man  
Get in the fuckin' car, get in the car  
(Heh, say you, you scared to ride in my car  
'Cause you, you think niggas gon' be blastin' at it  
It ain't even that deep baby)

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now  
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now  
Only got one clique, they Outlawz on the Row  
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes

[2Pac:]

Repetitive blows are thrown, to my foes  
No love shown get disposed of blasted full blown  
My unknown tendencies to mash my comp  
Gettin' wicked with my ski-mask, find the stash and dump  
While niggas run I'm the last one standin', the rest die  
Victims of my lethal chrome cannon, Westside  
Though it's worldwide no one can deny my views  
Tracked it to my very fabric once the plastic blew  
Five shots changed my whole life, throats were slit  
Niggas die by my orders when I wrote this shit  
Though we go back like wild knights at Latin Quarters  
Niggas tried to kill me, and I fed their wife and their daughters  
Blazed the weed, draped they seeds, gave 'em cash  
Pass the fame and let the game go rollin' past  
Why you change, it's a cold world taught me life  
Retaliation proves niggas never caught me right  
Say they shot me in my nuts, out of luck  
Quit bullshit nigga 'cause I'm still fuckin' yo' bitch  
Niggas got me twisted in a bad way, why you change?  
Fuck with me, all this shit pay, nigga fuck the fame

[Young Noble:]

Y'all remember "Hit 'Em Up," don't make us do it once more  
Yo' niggas know, you ain't fuckin' with them Out-lawz  
We keep souljas, souljas from Compton to Brooklyn  
Your the type to get sniped, when the cops is lookin'  
Don't nobody give a fuck 'cause you done crossed the game  
Lost in fame, and you should take, all the blame  
You made yo' bed nigga lay in it  
You scared to come up out that cell nigga stay in it  
It's not a game only got one click we Outlawz from the do'  
Dirt stains when I buck on the fo', you kissin' the flo'  
We dirty as the motherfuckin' streetz of Jerz  
We sweep niggas with the words though the heat's preferred

Holla

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now  
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now  
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row  
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes, let the punks know

[E.D.I.:]

'Pac I wish I was in the motherfuckin' car wit'cha  
I'd have took every bullet that they threw, hand of God, nigga  
I only got one click, Outlawz 'til I'm gone  
Heavy in the game and we comin' for they fuckin' throne  
The love is gone well it is what it is  
And plottin' on us, they best be prayin' for they kids, mayne  
You don't have to worry 'cause I ride for ya  
Like K said over loyal we even tell 'bout a lie for ya  
You put me in the game and dog I owe it all to ya  
And when it get to poppin' I'ma fuckin' ball for ya  
And everything I do gon' have your names on it  
I'll never let them forget I put my seeds on it

[Napoleon:]

You gon' die before yo' time, come face the truth  
In the middle of the desert nigga lace your boots  
As a youth, hundred proof, tap my chest is a dead rest  
You studio niggas still remind your vest  
Why the fuck you ain't done yet, swallow yo' teeth  
In the field you woulda been need a straw when you eat  
Fuck a glock nine that shit is weak on the streets  
And if you can't strategize then you just can't eat  
If your life in another nigga hand, you dead  
And if it's beef and your man disappear then don't sweat it  
Another fake nigga usin' my strengths to get credit  
I mean you might face sound scared but your heartbeat said it

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now  
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now  
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row  
Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

[Kastro:]

I was born ugly, unlucky and dusty  
But now I'm a rider, connivin' gutsy  
And I don't trust nobody, so don't nobody trust me  
And that's how I'ma go about it 'til somebody bust me  
I play for keeps like the OG's raised me  
If I sleep I won't eat, who gonna feed my baby?  
And I think I'm goin' crazy 'cause my hair is gettin' thinner  
I've been drinkin' on the daily, I can hardly remember  
I got - bad nerves, paranoia destroyed me  
I love the Lord but the church can't cure me  
I sleep light, I wake peekin' out my window  
With guns under my mattress and guns under the pillow  
And that's the way it's gonna be 'til they bury me

But don't twist it 'cause none of y'all niggas worry me

*[Young Noble & Kastro:]*

What the fuck you didn't know?

Kizza-Kastro, Young Noble with the criminal flow

You nervous nelly ass niggas belly up in the river, no dizoubt

My niggas couldn't fade me with some clippers

You put it down, look all around, 'til we find you we hound

Penitentiary bound, to remind you

*[Kadafi:]*

Kadafi I bring the lingo to the click

Tasty like a Pringle, sneakin' through your chimney like Kris Kringle

On some shit, get me fee to let my ice click Ka-pling, ka-plow I been a thug shootin' slugs since a child

*[2Pac:]*

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now

Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now

Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row

Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Snoopy, Fula Yafeu A,  
Hunter Donna T